

The Tale of Jahar and Alloran

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Summary: My first poem about the disgraced Andalite Prince and his faithful wife

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One mistake, that's all it took,
When a few Gedds hitched a ride,
And took advantage of the Andalites,
To go off on an enslaving drive.
Now Andalites came from all over,
To defend the galaxy.
And to correct that mistake,
Of giving Yeerks their technology.
A young Andalite waved good-bye,
To the family he loved so.
And said to his pregnant wife,
"I am sorry; I must go."
"But remember, my dear," he said,

"When you look up at the sky,
I will be fighting for you,
My love, please do not cry."
And so he left, that young father,
For the military,
And every day since then,
His wife waited patiently.
Now war changes people,
Makes them hard and cold,
And so that Andalite became,
A hero, brave and bold.
He rose to Warrior, then to Prince,
And ruled his own fleet.
But he also changed in character,
And his values turned to deceit.
In the Battle for the Hork-Bajir,
He revealed a cruel tactic.
He released a virus on them all,
Which proved to be quite tragic.
Eleven million Hork-Bajir,
Sadly passed away.
Who could be blamed for this massacre?
"That Prince!" they all would say.
And so that Andalite Prince,
Soon became disgraced,
And word was sent to his wife,
Of the punishment he had faced.
But the wife back home,
Said to the Prince, "Never fear,
I'll stand by you 'til the end.

I will always love you, dear."
And so the years passed on,
While the dishonored Prince fought.
The wife soon had a child,
What a father that lad got!
That son was teased and tortured,
For his father was disgraced.
But his mother said to him,
"Stand tall and save face!"
"I know you dad did something wrong,"
His mother said to the son.
"But he is still a good Andalite.
Don't despise him, young one."
But as the years passed,
The son still grew angry, you see.
At the father he never knew,
But disliked regularly.
One day the horrid news came,
That the Prince had become infested.
A Yeerk host he now was,
And the family's love was then tested.
The wife, forever faithful,
Still cared for the Prince,
But the son, unfortunately,
Hated him ever since.
And during a starry night,
The son caught the mother saying,
Words that were told to her,
When her Andalite left for Yeerk slaying.
" 'Remember, my dear,' " she said,

" 'When you look up at the sky,
I will be fighting for you.'
Yes, my love, I will not cry!"
"Why do you do this, mother!?"
The son yelled at her.
"The Prince is now the enemy!
You do not belong together!"
"The Yeerk is, not him,"
The mother replied calmly.
"I still love him, son.
Do not speak of him shamefully."
"I hate him!" cried the son.
"He is the bane of my life!
The Prince is not my father,
He doesn't have the right!"
"The blood that had tied us,
Is now just a joke.
The family rope had, ov'r the years,
Been cut fiercely! It had broke!"
With that, the son stormed off,
Out of the scoop and across the plain.
He left his mother all alone,
And was never seen again.
But the wife, she stayed on,
Even though her son had left her.
"I will not leave you, Prince," she said.
"I'll stand by you forever."
And so she did, throughout the years,
Of loneliness and pain.
She had never stopped hoping,

That she would see her Prince again.
Time flowed on ever so slowly,
And the wife grew old,
But she still loved her Prince,
Who was so brave and bold!
One day she awoke,
To find herself placed among the stars.
And she saw a figure standing,
"My dear husband! There you are!"
The two embraced lovingly,
And the husband said to her,
"Finally we meet!
And we shall be together!"
"Oh, my love, at last!"
The wife cried gleefully.
"But how is this possible?
How can this be?"
Back on the home world,
An Andalite came back home to boast,
That the awful Abomination,
Has died along with his host.
But he arrived to find,
An empty, worn-out scoop.
And that the only resident had died,
She was found lying by the stoop.
"How dreadful!" he said tearfully.
"My mother has passed away!
But at least she'll be with her Prince,
For all eternity!"

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